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A to Z of JackDaniels

by ConnectingSmallDots

Summary

A short story for every letter of the alphabet about Jack Thompson and Daniel Sousa. (Because we need a lot of cuteness in this corner of the fandom.)

Notes

Hey guys! I'm back with more JackDaniels! Hopefully the updating should be regular but it depends on how quickly I write and how many ideas I have. If you have any suggestions for some of the letters, I'd appreciate it. I can't guarantee I'll use them as I have plans for a few letters so far but it would be really useful in case I get stuck. (I have currently written A,B,C and D and have plans for H and V.)
Some will be cuter than others and some will be better written than others but fluff is fluff, right?
Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

A- Angie

A- Angie

~

“I cannot believe you are making me do this.” Jack groaned for the fifth time. Daniel elbowed him gently, causing the blond to stumble to the side and almost walk into a lamp post.

“Oh, come on. You know Peggy and it’s not like Angie will bite your head off.” Daniel told him and Jack sighed, hands swinging by his sides. He purposefully bumped their hands together every now and then which was the closest thing they had to hand holding while in public.

It had been Peggy’s idea to take Jack out to see one of Angie’s performances and despite all the fuss the agent had kicked up- “*you tried to strangle me in a theatre once,*”- Daniel had won the argument eventually. “*To be fair, you didn’t really make it that hard for me.*”

Jack was more worried about seeing Angie again as he had been warned by Peggy that the young actress still held a grudge from the time they had arrested Peggy. If Angie was anything like Peggy, Jack was ninety percent sure that he was done for.

“She might do.” Jack muttered as they reached the theatre doors. Daniel rolled his eyes, laughing fondly.

“She’s more likely to cry on you again.” Daniel pointed out and Jack glared. The unspoken rule of ‘do not bring that up’ clearly meant nothing to Daniel.

“I hate you.” Jack said under his breath in the same way that a grumpy teenager would. Daniel rolled his eyes again before spotting Peggy on the other side of the lobby and pulling Jack through the crowd to stand with her.

“Gentlemen.” Peggy said, bright red lips quirked into a tiny smile. “I’m glad you could make it.”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Daniel told her, pulling her into a one armed hug which she returned, smiling at Jack over his shoulder. Jack- very maturely- stuck out his tongue at her.

“Jackass really didn’t want to come, huh?” Peggy grinned and Jack folded his arms over his chest, grumbling to himself.

“He’s worried that Angie will cry on him. Either that or he’s just afraid I’ll strangle him in the aisle again.” Daniel replied, smile growing when Jack subtly flipped him off.

“Come on.” Peggy said, taking Daniel’s arm. “Let’s go get to our seats before everyone starts to rush.”

Jack trailed behind them like a moping dog, not even bothering to look happy to be there.

~

Angie’s death scene was tragically beautiful. Not that Jack was aware of this because he had a stone cold heart and he didn’t cry at these kind of things. No. He totally wasn’t silently crying, trying not to let Peggy or Daniel see.

Daniel handed him a handkerchief without even looking over and Jack reluctantly took it, grateful

for the darkness to hide his blushing.

“You need me to hold your hand, Thompson?” Daniel whispered. “Other leg, idiot.” He added when Jack kicked him. He reached to the side and laced their fingers together, hands hidden under the arm rest that separated them.

~

“Peg!” Angie called when the three agents entered the backstage area of the theatre. It smelt very strongly of hairspray and drying paint which reminded Daniel of that one time he had walked into a girls’ changing room aged eleven.

Angie sprinted through the other actors and backstage staff who were all doing things with a straight face, a cup of coffee or both. The brunette threw herself on Peggy, wrapping her arms around her neck, giggling.

Daniel cleared his throat and Angie laughed. “Hello, Daniel.” She said, letting go of Peggy so she could hug him as well.

“You were amazing tonight, Angie. Really good.” Daniel told her when she’d let go of him. The woman beamed.

“Thanks, Daniel.” She said before her eyes fell on Jack. “Nice to see you again, Jack. It’s always great to meet men who cry at my performance.”

Jack blushed a little and Daniel and Peggy laughed. “I think it was the other way round last time we met.” He told her and Angie nodded.

“I will not apologise for exploiting the situation. How is Gam-Gam, Jackass?” She asked it so politely that she could have been genuinely curious but the glint in her eyes and the ‘nickname’ said otherwise.

“Don’t push your luck, Broadway.” He said and she laughed.

“Yeah, I can live with that nickname.” Angie nodded and held out a hand to him. He shook it and Peggy nudged Daniel in the side.

“D’you think this means we can do double dates soon?” She asked with a chuckle and Daniel laughed so hard that Jack and Angie ended up standing beside the pair of giggling agents with equally confused expressions and matching raised eyebrows.

B- Bath

Chapter Summary

Literally tooth rottening fluff.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys! Sorry this took so long to post but I've been ill over the past few days and even sitting up made me feel worse. Never mind though because I'm all better now and I've got plenty of goodness still to come.
Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

B- Bath

“Daniel, you home?” Jack called, closing the front door and tossing his hat onto his peg in the small hallway in Daniel’s apartment. They hadn’t moved in together yet as they were still working on keeping their relationship a secret so sometimes they were at Jack’s, sometimes Daniel’s and sometimes they went home separately with each other’s pillowcases hidden in their bags.

“’M in the bath.” Daniel’s reply was muffled but audible and Jack nodded. He pulled off his coat and jacket, tossing them over the back of a chair in Daniel’s bedroom, kicking his shoes off, before entering the bathroom.

“Stressful day?” Jack asked, switching on the light and finding his boyfriend half asleep in the water, under a thin layer of bubbles.

“You either join me and turn off the light or leave and turn off the light. Pick quickly before I pick for you.” Daniel told him and Jack laughed, removing his clothes quickly and placing them neatly in the corner of the room.

He poked Daniel’s shoulder gently. “Sit up.” He said, switching off the light before climbing into the bath and settling down behind Daniel, wrapping his arms around him when Daniel relaxed against him.

They didn’t talk for a long time, content the way they were with Daniel’s head resting just below Jack’s shoulder, face turned in towards his sternum.

“Yates is giving you hell again, isn’t he?” Jack broke the silence and tension rippled through Daniel’s body.

“Is it that obvious?” Daniel frowned, only relaxing again when Jack started drawing tiny patterns with his thumb on Daniel’s chest.

“It’s our job to notice things, Daniel. And it’s also my job to look after you.” Jack said and pressed a gentle kiss to the top of Daniel’s head. “You need me to wash your hair?”

Daniel laughed, the vibrations making the water move a little. “That depends. Can you find the shampoo in the dark?”

“I could always turn the light on.” Jack pointed out and Daniel make a grab at Jack’s hands when the blond shifted in order to lean out of the bath and turn on the light.

“Don’t do it. Don’t you- ah, fuck.” Daniel swore when Jack successfully turned on the light. He shut his eyes and snuck lower down in the bath like he could hide from the sudden brightness.

Jack grinned. “Hey, Daniel? Guess where the shampoo was.”

Daniel groaned. “Where?”

“By my elbow.” Jack told him with a laugh and Daniel let out a long sigh.

“I hate you.” He complained, allowing Jack to sit him up and start washing his hair.

“You’re crushing my ego here.” Jack said, enjoying the chance to fiddle with Daniel’s hair.

“Someone could drop Manhattan on you and your ego would still be intact.” Daniel muttered, seemingly grumpy but he wasn’t making a move to stop Jack.

Jack chuckled. “I’d rather they didn’t.” He said, starting to wash the bubbles out of Daniel’s hair. “I still have to deal with Yates first.”

Daniel hummed and they lapsed into silence until Jack had finished.

“All done. You falling asleep on me?” He added when Daniel flopped back against him.

“Move and I’ll talk to Peggy about buying Manhattan.” Daniel threatened when Jack shifted a little bit.

Jack laughed but didn’t complain, pressing a kiss to Daniel’s cheek. He eventually had to carry Daniel to bed when he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Kudos, comments and suggestions are super duper very much appreciated. Love you all. x

C- Chad the Cat

Chapter Summary

> Jack's neighbour has a cat that is totally not named after Chad Michael Murry. Nope. Not at all.

Chapter Notes

> Hey guys! How are you all? I don't know whether I've said this yet but this little community of ships is the best and I love each and every single one of you. x
> Enjoy.
> P.S Okay, maybe the cat is named after Chad but I kinda had to.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

C- Chad the Cat

The cat belonged to Jack's neighbour down the hall… or at least, it used to until the neighbour had started spending most of his time out of his apartment. So the cat would sneak out of its home and into Jack's.

At first it had been cute with its big blue eyes and tiny mewls, curling up on the kitchen table or on top of the fridge but then it had started to do the worst thing imaginable: suck up to Daniel.

So the cat had to go.

"Jack, Chad's at the window again." Daniel said and Jack dropped his head onto the kitchen table, narrowly missing his coffee.

"You named the damn thing?" He said exasperatedly and he knew Daniel was smiling.

"No. I looked at his name tag." Daniel replied and opened the window, letting the cat in and then closing the window again.

"Who the fuck names a cat *Chad*?" Jack lifted his head, watching with narrowed eyes and Daniel sat down on the sofa, Chad curling up in his lap.

Daniel ignored him, picking up his book with one hand and petting Chad with the other. Jack was convinced the feline was only purring because he knew how much Jack hated it.

"You can't adopt other people's cats in my apartment, Daniel. I won't have it." Jack said firmly and Daniel nodded, clearly not paying attention.

"Of course, dear." He said and Jack glared at Chad. The cat looked back, blue eyes wide with fake innocence as it purred very loudly.

"It's mocking me. Curled up in your lap like it owns you." Jack complained.

“He. He’s a male cat.” Daniel pointed out and Jack growled.

“He’s a bloody annoying cat.” He said, finishing his coffee. Chad was talking all of Daniel’s limited attention and it wasn’t fair. Chad wasn’t the one who made breakfast or cleaned the shower or did three hours of filing for Peggy Carter after losing a drinking contest.

Daniel sighed. “Jack, I don’t prefer Chad to you, if that’s what this is about.” He said and Jack blinked. *Am I transparent,* he wondered, *or am I talking out loud again?*

“I didn’t say that.” He huffed and Daniel set down his book, looking over at the blond.

“You didn’t have to. You’re radiating jealously. He’s a cat, you idiot.” Daniel said. “And even if he wasn’t, it’s not like I’m going to choose him over you.”

“And why’s that?” Jack asked, hoping for a little bit of flattery.

“Because your ego is too fragile to handle losing to a cat.” Daniel answered and Jack laughed.

“Screw you, Sousa.”

~

Jack came home a few weeks later in a very bad mood. Everything had gone horribly wrong and the one success had been the result of a two hour meeting. Daniel was busy doing things with Peggy so he was on his own… or at least he should have been.

The carpet came up disturbingly quickly and Jack found himself on the floor of his hallway. He swore loudly, sitting up to find that he had tripped over Chad.

“Fucking cat.” He said angrily. “Who let you in here?” The answer was probably Daniel but Jack couldn’t be mad at Daniel.

Chad mewled, sitting back and rubbing his right ear, tail swishing back and forth, making soft thumps when it collided with the wall.

Jack got up, hung up his coat and made his way to the kitchen, muttering rude sentences about the feline wandering his apartment.

He made himself a sandwich and a large mug of coffee before lying down on the sofa, turning on the radio to listen to the useless drivel it was playing. Anything to take his mind of his shitty day.

He was slightly surprised when Chad came trotting in and leapt up onto the sofa, walking over Jack until he reached his chest before curling up and shutting his eyes.

“Get off.” Jack said but he made no move to force the cat off him, reaching for his coffee instead. “Daniel’s not here. You’re not getting any attention.”

Then Chad started purring and Jack lost a losing battle. “Bloody nuisance.” He said, reaching down to pet the cat between his fluffy ears. “You better not tell Daniel about this.”

~

Daniel came through the door at one in the morning and was pleasantly surprised to find Jack asleep on the sofa with Chad sprawled out across him. He would not mention this, however, as an agent always needed blackmail material.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Kudos and comments are really appreciated. Hugs and kisses. Oh, and don't expect this to be the last you hear of Chad. He's worked his way into my canon. It's tempting to partner him with a dog called Enver but we'll see.

D- Date Night

Chapter Summary

Brace yourself: it's really cute.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

D- Date Night

Date Night was the first Friday of every month. It became tradition after a few months and it stuck. Sometimes, Date Night blended in to other things like the *"S.S.R trip to the bar"*. (That was Peggy's name for it and the boys behind the drinking contests adopted it for the small price of a contest with Peggy. They lost.)

There were other times where Date Night was just the two of them. Movies were common occurrences- no one can see you holding hands in the dark- and, every now and then, they would take a cab a little out of the local area and have dinner.

But it didn't really matter too much on what they did but more that they did it. Jack would get oddly sentimental about it and Daniel would tease him about it with a smile bright enough to dim the sun.

Tonight hadn't been anything special; they'd gone to a diner that Peggy had recommended then walked around for a little bit before getting a cab back to Jack's apartment.

"You're ridiculous." Daniel said, curled up against Jack on the sofa, one leg tucked underneath him and the other stretched out across the space next to him.

"I bought you dinner." Jack pointed out like it justified everything and Daniel huffed, breath tickling Jack's neck.

"You also bought three bottles of whiskey three days ago." Daniel said.

"What's wrong with Jack Daniels?" Jack asked, looping an arm round Daniel's waist to tug him a little closer. Jack Daniels was the only brand allowed in the apartment, partly because it was amusing but also because it was *"like drinking stardust from a baby unicorn"*.

"You took the money from the savings pile for a new mattress. I'm shocked you can sleep on that junk." Daniel replied, shifting himself so he wouldn't slide into Jack's lap.

Jack laughed. Daniel could never quite get over how nice Jack's real laugh was. None of the false chuckles or halfhearted ones; his proper laugh was warm and rich.

"You sleep on it too." Jack said, leaning forward to grab their drinks off the table but remaining still enough so he didn't dislodge Daniel.

"I sleep on you mostly. You're more comfortable… and warm." Daniel replied, waiting for Jack to stop moving before settling down properly again.

Jack laughed again. “Thanks. I’m touched. Maybe I should reconsider my profession. Imagine: Jack Tristan Samuel Thompson, professional pillow and heat provider.”

Daniel laughed too, the sound muffled by the closeness of his mouth to Jack’s shoulder. There was a pause in the conversation and the clock on the wall ticked round to ten o’clock before Daniel spoke.

“Tristan Samuel.” He said and Jack opened one eye from where he had been dozing quietly.

“You mocking my middle names, Daniel?” He asked, running a finger down Daniel’s side where he knew the other agent was ticklish.

“No… hey!” Daniel tried to move away from the offending finger, ending up pressed closer to Jack’s side in the process. “I just didn’t know.”

Jack nodded. “I don’t tend to tell people; it’s a bit of a mouthful.” He shrugged a little. “It is… was my father’s name.”

Daniel moved his head from Jack’s shoulder so he could press their lips together gently, feeling the sadness in Jack’s tone. The kiss said all the things that Daniel wanted to say from *‘I’m sorry’* to *‘he’d be proud of you’* to *‘I’m here for you if you want to talk about it’*.

“What did I do to deserve you, huh?” Jack asked when Daniel pulled away, blue eyes searching brown. “I was such an ass and you made me so much better.”

“Well, I do less filing now.” Daniel offered jokingly and Jack grinned.

“Yeah, alright.” He said, giving Daniel another small kiss. “Whatever makes you happy.”

It was only later when they were both in bed with Daniel lying half on top of Jack that Daniel returned the information.

“James.” He said and Jack made a confused sound. “Daniel James Sousa.” He clarified and he could feel Jack chuckle.

“Danielle Jamie Susan. I like it.” The blond said, laughing harder when Daniel punched him halfheartedly.

“I refuse to stoop to your level.” Daniel retorted, folding the covers back when Jack pulled them up too high.

Jack opened his mouth to say something witty but instead he yawned.

“Goodnight, Jackass.” Daniel pressed a kiss to his cheek before shutting his eyes.

The best Date Nights always ended up like that.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Kudos and comments are super appreciated. This one was my favourite before I wrote G so I hope you enjoyed it. Also, what do you think of the middle names? I cheated a little with Tristan and basically anyone called Daniel to me has the middle name James. If they change, I'll edit this chapter but I think they'll stay

the same. X

E- Eyes

Chapter Summary

Short and sappy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

E- Eyes

If you asked Daniel who had the better eyes, he would say Jack.

He would say that Jack's eyes were like oceans: pure blue and deep with all his thoughts and feelings hidden below the surface.

He would say that, when he was angry, Jack's eyes would freeze over like water into ice, becoming so cold that you would feel numb all over and not realise that you were drowning before it was too late.

He would say that Jack's eyes lit up when he smiled, sparkling like stars in the night sky or like the reflection of bright sunlight of the windows of the office buildings.

He would say that you could stare into Jack's eyes forever and still not find what you were looking for if he didn't want you to see it.

He would say that the biggest secrets were in Jack's eyes but they were Jack's secrets and they would stay where Jack could keep hold of them.

If you asked Daniel who had the better eyes, he would say Jack.

If you asked Jack who had the better eyes, he would say Daniel.

He would say Daniel's eyes were warm and gentle, comforting like being wrapped up under the covers while it rained outside.

He would say that when Daniel got upset, his eyes would break your heart before the words he spoke because you could tell what he was about to say.

He would say that Daniel's eyes were like a challenge and a promise at the same time, daring you to say what was in your head and promising that it would be alright.

He would say that Daniel smiled with his eyes before his mouth, the bubble of happiness bursting out like sunshine.

He would say that Daniel's eyes were like chocolate, rich and smooth and a guilty pleasure, something you could lose yourself to with no real regrets.

If you asked Jack who had the better eyes, he would say Daniel.

And if you asked them if the other knew what they thought, they would say no.

~~If you asked Peggy who had the better eyes, she would say that she did and that it was a stupid question.~~

Chapter End Notes

I know this is really short but it's also really cute so I hope that makes up for it. I might put the next one up tomorrow to make up for the shortness of this one.
As usual, kudos and comments are super very much appreciated. x

F- Flowers

Chapter Summary

Daniel gets a "mysterious" bouquet.

Chapter Notes

I promised this chapter today so here it is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

F- Flowers

“Flowers for you, Sousa.” Agent Chester said, handing the bouquet over, eyebrows raised so high that they disappeared under his mop of brown hair.

Daniel took them, shaking his head, aware of everyone’s eyes on him and the whispers coming from the corner.

“Who are they from, Daniel?” Peggy asked, leaning forward over her desk, admiring the flower choice.

Daniel checked the label but he already knew who they were from and he knew Peggy did too. He put them down on the end of his table, rolling his eyes.

“My girlfriend.” He said, voice bordering monotone. That shut the agents up and they all looked rather impressed. If Daniel had cared to look, he would have spotted Yates handing Agent Samson a few notes along with a file.

Red roses. Daniel contemplated murdering the sender when he next saw him. He was all for romantic gestures but sending red roses to the office? That was going to raise some suspicions from someone about security or possibly start rumours that he was dating Peggy.

“Ooh. Someone’s sending Susan flowers.” Daniel sighed when Jack waltzed into the room, rubbing his knuckles where they stung from the interrogating he had been doing.
“Pretty.”

“I kind of prefer tulips to roses but yeah, it’s nice.” Daniel said and he could see Jack’s mind working like there were gears turning. Oh, why didn’t he just keep his mouth shut?

~

The red tulips were predictable and Daniel wasn’t at all surprised when Agent Chester handed them to him a week after the first bunch of flowers.

Daniel shook his head and he could see Jack grinning out the corner of his eye. Right, Daniel thought, you’re not getting away with this one.

“Your girlfriend must like you a lot to be sending you so many flowers, Sousa.” Johnson said, leaning against his desk with coffee in hand.

“Oh, she adores me.” Daniel agreed, making sure Jack could hear every word. “Gorgeous, smart and witty. She likes it her way but she’s got stamina and you’re unfortunate in that you don’t know what she can do with her mouth.” Talking like that to his colleagues made Daniel cringe internally but it was worth it for the reaction he got.

Jack coughed loudly, covering up the way he had spluttered, cheeks going as red as Daniel’s tulips. “That is not something to be discussing in the office, Sousa.”

“Oh, sorry, Thompson. I didn’t realise you’d get jealous.” He smiled and the other agents laughed.

~

“I hate you so much.” Jack complained, sprawled out across the bed, kicking lazily at the covers around his ankles. Daniel grinned, placing the vase filled with tulips on the bedside table before sitting down on the bed and removing his prosthetic.

“I was complimenting you.” Daniel replied, laughing when Jack whined. He tucked his crutch and prosthetic away under the bed then shifted over to curl up against Jack.

“You basically told everyone that I’m great at fellatio, Daniel. Peggy looked like she was going to vomit into her tea.” Jack pointed out and Daniel smiled.

“Good thing that everyone else doesn’t know you’re my girlfriend or they’d all have been rushing to the bathroom. It’s your fault for buying me flowers, really.” Daniel said and Jack sighed.

“I had to. Peggy made me. I lost a bet. I swear, I won’t send you anymore anonymous flowers.” Jack promised and Daniel kissed him, sealing the deal.

They had to break apart when Chad leapt up and wriggled into the space between their chests, trying to curl up on Jack.

“Bloody cat.” Jack muttered and Daniel laughed, laying down and shutting his eyes.

~

“Goodnight, Chad. Goodnight, Jack.”

“Oh, he goes first, does he?”

“Yes.”

“Bastard.”

“Shut up, Jack.”

“Yeah, okay.”

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea how they always seem to end up in bed but never mind. Hope you

enjoyed.

Oh by the way, the label says 'Dear Danny, love you. xx'

G- Gel

Chapter Summary

Jack's hair gel goes missing.

Chapter Notes

This is the first idea I had for all of the A to Zs so in a way I owe this entire work to this chapter. I just really like the idea of Jack with floppy hair and looking a bit like this:
http://cdn02.cdn.justjared.com/wp-content/uploads/2011/06/chad-heroes/chad-michael-murray-time-for-heroes-02.jpg.
Who led Chad have such a perfect face? Seriously.
Anyway, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

G- Gel

“Daniel. What d’you do with my hair gel?” Jack called, leaning back from the cupboard above the sink, running a hand through his hair.

“You mean the cheap shit you attack yourself with?” Daniel called back from the bedroom, lying in the warm patch Jack had left behind when he had got up thirty minutes ago.

“It’s not cheap shit. It’s just an alternative to the fancy stuff.” Jack said and he could hear Daniel laugh. It wasn’t funny though. He was not prepared to go to an important meeting with important people with his hair containing double the volume and half the style.

“I haven’t done anything. Maybe you just ran out.” Daniel suggested, finally providing Jack with some useful information… not that it was what he wanted to hear.

He checked his watch and cursed. He didn’t have time to go and buy some or go back to his own apartment to get the pot he kept there. He stared at himself in the mirror for a long moment, fiddling with the fluffy strands of his hair.

Jack jumped a little when a pair of arms wrapped round his waist. “I think it looks nice without anything in it.” Daniel purred, resting his head on Jack’s shoulder. He was twice as warm and Jack could feel his body heat through the jacket of his suit, putting it partly down to Daniel’s lack of shirt.

“I look stupid. It’s floppy and gets in the way.” Jack complained with a small pout, continuing to try to fix the problem and just adding more static to his hair.

“You look adorable, Jack, quit whining.” Daniel peppered kisses up Jack’s neck and over his jaw. God, Jack wanted more than anything to go back to bed with Daniel but no, early meetings were *obviously* the best idea.

He sighed, letting his eyes fall shut. “Can you go out and get me some?” He asked and Daniel snorted.

“What am I? Your personal assistant? If it’s that important, get it yourself.” He replied, continuing to leave kisses on Jack’s neck, nipping a little bit where he knew Jack was sensitive.

“I’m gonna look like an idiot. My old general is gonna be in the meeting this afternoon, Daniel. What’s he going to think if his star soldier looks like he just got caught in a hurricane, huh?” Jack said, resting his hands over Daniel’s where they covered his hips.

“I know what I think.” Daniel said. “I think you look gorgeous. Like a little baby lion… or Chad. Ow!”

~

The first meeting was going alright, Jack supposed. He seemed to be winning the debate with his proposition of increasing the size of the S.S.R backed by a majority. He couldn’t quite forget that his hair wasn’t in the correct style and it fell in his face every now and then, causing him to scrape it back rather viciously. He noted this was causing one of the members of the debates attendant to swoon a little, her little face flushing every time. Jack didn’t care about her though.

“Sorry to interrupt, gentlemen. Don’t mind me.” *Think of the devil.* Daniel slipped into the meeting room, making his way round the table to Jack’s side.

“What’s wrong, Daniel?” Jack asked, looking up at his boyfriend, keeping his voice low as the other men at the table continued talking, not bothered by Daniel in the slightest.

“They didn’t have any of the cheap stuff so I got you some of the nice stuff that Peggy recommended. Apparently, Captain America used it a few times.” Daniel said and Jack fought the urge to grin.

“You spoil me… and I thought you liked my lion hair.” He said. Daniel laid a hand on his shoulder, the closest thing they had to a kiss in the public eye.

“I like it better when you don’t get up at ungodly hours and complain about the absence of hair gel. Oh, and this stuff isn’t so thick so I’m not going to get my hands sticky.” He winked. “I left it in your office.” He added louder like they were talking about business matters.

“You’re a star, Sousa. Thank you.” Jack said before Daniel left the room, letting the door swing shut behind him, Jack’s old hair gel safely dumped in a back alley trash can, three miles away.

Yes, Daniel thought, *it was worth binning Jack's old hair gel.* The sight of Jack yelling loudly with hair like a teenage boy who hadn’t discovered product was just an added bonus.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. I'm running low on ideas so if you guys have any suggestions beyond the letter M it would be really great to hear them. :)

H- Home

Chapter Summary

Daniel finally moves in.

Chapter Notes

The bedroom is based on thiiiis: http://nauticalcottageblog.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/06/Red-White-and-Blue-Bedroom-4.jpg I just thought it was a nice look and that, being dedicated to their country, red white and blue would be a good theme. Plus, that bed looks like heaven.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Daniel moved in on a Wednesday. It was raining: water sliding down the window pain, the sky outside grey and miserable. That didn't matter though because Jack's apartment had officially just become their apartment.

"I need to repaint the bedroom at some point. Maybe you moving in will get me to do it." Jack had said three weeks before and Daniel had choked on his coffee.

They had briefly touched on the subject of living together when they were planning out how to keep their relationship secret and it hadn't been brought up since.

"You- you want me to move in with you?" Daniel had said with wide eyes and Jack nodded, cheeks flushed pink as he ran a finger round the rim of his own mug.

"I mean, if you want too. I actually own my apartment and it's bigger than yours. You don't have to… I just thought it might-" Jack had started and Daniel had put a hand over his, face lighting up with a smile.

"I would love too." He had said firmly and Jack felt his heart flutter helplessly in his chest. "What colour were you thinking?"

They'd spent three weeks planning and shopping and arguing over how they were going to do it so when Peggy and Angie had helped them carry the final boxes up the stairs and left, they set to work straight away.

The bedroom was painted darkish shade of blue on three walls and white on the wall behind the headboard. The new curtains, duvet and pillow cases were white with red edges and Daniel had insisted on a new mattress, much to the disappointment of Jack's bank account.

Once the walls were done, everything had to be put in so draws were emptied, the wardrobe cleared and a new shelf for all of Daniel's books had to be nailed to the wall.

Then they had a lunch break, collapsed on the couch, recovering for the next round of DIY.

“You’ve got paint in your hair.” Jack murmured, picking at the blue flakes while Daniel chuckled.

“It’ll wash out.” He said and got up, rolling his eyes when Jack whined. “You can stay here. I’m just going to start sorting out my clothes.”

Of course, Jack got up anyway to help although ‘help’ ended up being him, sat on the floor, making sarcastic comments about the variation of Daniel’s wardrobe.

“Oh look. *Another* sweater vest.”

Putting everything away took a long time and by the time Daniel was full unpacked it was dark outside and it had stopped raining.

“That’s the last box.” Jack said with a grin, stretching out with a yawn. “You’ve officially moved in now.” He leant over and pressed a kiss to Daniel’s lips. “Welcome home, Daniel.”

Daniel smiled, taking Jack’s hand and squeezing it gently. “I love you.” He sighed happily.

“I love you too. Now, I think it’s time we tried out this new mattress.”

~

“Good morning.” Jack yawned, sitting down at the kitchen table, running his hands through his hair. “You’re up early.”

Daniel hummed, leaning back against the counter top, a mug of coffee held tight in both hands. “We have work. If I stayed in bed any longer then I’d never get up.”

Jack laughed loudly. “You really like the new mattress, don’t you?” He grinned and Daniel nodded, taking a long sip of coffee.

“I really like being home. I don’t think I’ve had a home since I came back.” He paused. “I’m glad it’s with you.”

Jack bit his lip, willing himself not to get too emotional, but Daniel was watching him with his puppy dog eyes and it made Jack’s heart flutter.

“I love you.” He said, getting up and moving into Daniel’s space, resting their foreheads together.

“I love you more.” Daniel replied and Jack smiled, the warmth in his chest not just from the proximity to Daniel’s coffee.

“That’s a lot of love, Daniel.” He pointed out and Daniel huffed out a laugh.

“Yeah, I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. This got really smushy at the end but I love it too much to care. I love you guys.x

I- Illness

Chapter Summary

Daniel is ill and pulls a me.

Chapter Notes

I always watch Lord Of The Rings under a mountain of blankets with chocolate when I'm ill which is where the inspiration for this came from.
Oh, and warning: the quality of the fics start deteriorating after this one. Whoops. Never mind.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh, for the love of God!” Agent Adams yelped, throwing his arms out and causing paperwork to go flying. “Go home, Sousa, before you give us all the plague.”

There was a murmur of agreement and Daniel turned a nice shade of pink. He opened his mouth to point out that he wasn’t that sick but he had sneezed six times in the past hour and the words before him weren’t behaving.

“Who has the plague?” Peggy asked, strolling into the room, holding a stack of files. Jack followed after her with six boxes of more files, the usual ‘stern and brooding’ expression on his face.

“Sousa does and he’s gonna infect us all.” Agent Johnson said dramatically. “We’ll all have to get our legs amputated next.” He leant back in his chair to high five the agent behind him except he ended up on the floor.

Peggy removed her foot from the chair legs and continued walking to her desk, smiling sympathetically at Daniel as she passed.

Jack glared at Johnson, the warning clear without needing to be said. There had been several new rules since the ‘Stark Incidents’, including ‘do not insult Daniel Sousa or Peggy Carter will kick your ass while Jack Thompson glares and makes you the new lunch runner’.

“With all seriousness though, sir,” Agent Chester said, raising his hand like a child in school asking to visit the toilets, “he really should go home.”

“I’m fine.” Daniel protested and half the office, including Jack, turned to stare at him with looks that read ‘*really?'* and ‘*shut up and go home*’.

Jack moved down the aisle and dumped the boxes on Peggy’s desk, ignoring the insult she tossed his way for doing so. “You’re no good to anyone sick, Sousa. Go home and get some rest.”

Daniel shook his head. “I’m fine, Thompson. Really.”

“Okay, then take this as a day off. Go on.” Jack nodded towards the door, the gesture a little unkind and he paid the price for it when Daniel’s face fell a little.

“Seeing as you’re all so keen to get rid of me.” Daniel got up, pulling on his coat. Jack fought back the urge to apologise; he had a cover to maintain and going soppy would not be the best idea.

Instead, he picked up his boxes and moved them into his office before acting like he was going to get more files and following Daniel out of the room and to the elevator.

“Hey.” He put a hand on Daniel’s shoulder to stop him, turning the agent round to face him. “You okay to get home?” He checked, looking over his boyfriend’s pale face and tired eyes.

“I’m fine, Jackass. The only thing hurting his my feelings.” Daniel pouted and Jack sighed softly.

“I’m sorry.” He apologised, looking around quickly to make sure no one else was around. “I would kiss you but I don’t want the plague so…” He leant forward and kissed Daniel’s nose.

“You’re so weird.” Daniel said and Jack stepped back, pressing the elevator button and opening the door.

“Go home and sleep. I’ll make dinner when I get home.” He said and Daniel nodded.

“Yes, sir, Agent Thompson, sir.” He saluted before the doors shut and Jack returned to his ‘stern and brooding’ face for another three hours of work.

~

“I brought soup and chocolate.” Jack called, kicking the front door closed whilst trying to hold a tin, two shopping bags and the apartment keys. “Some girl on the first floor tried to invite me in for a drink but I told her my sick roommate was in desperate need of attention… *and* you’re watching some soppy love story under a mountain of blankets.”

Daniel made a small sound from under said blanket mountain- which really consisted of three blankets and Jack’s pillow- and turned his head to watch Jack as he unpacked the things on the table.

“I decided against playing your drinking game.” Daniel told him, words slurring together a little.

“Drunk and ill is not good, no.” Jack agreed, rummaging around for the right things so he could heat up Daniel’s soup. “You get any sleep?”

“I was about to.” Daniel muttered and Jack laughed, continuing to dance his way around the kitchen. Daniel had always thought he was like a fairy when he cooked, not that he had said that out loud.

He turned his attention back to the film while Jack finished his capering. He was so oblivious that he actually jumped when Jack sat down beside him with two bowls of hot soup, a plate of bread and two chocolate bars on a tray.

Jack chuckled. “Okay there?” He checked, putting a hand on Daniel’s forehead, the corners of his mouth twitching down a little.

Daniel batted his hand away. “Lemme have my soup before it goes cold.”

An hour later as the film drew to a close, Daniel was cuddled up to Jack’s side, eyes shut while

Jack ran his fingers through Daniel's hair.

"Maybe I should be ill more often." Daniel commented, repeating himself louder when Jack made a confused sound.

"Why's that?" Jack frowned, turning his head to look at his boyfriend. God, he loved thinking that. Daniel was his boyfriend.

"Because you make me soup, buy me chocolate, do all the dishes and watch cheesy romance films with me under a pile of blankets." Daniel explained and Jack grinned.

"Yeah, sounds pretty nice, doesn't it?" He said and Daniel nodded. Yawned.

Jack saw red for a moment when the blonde kissed Daniel and he slammed his hand down on the table. The lawyer, clearly not aware that it wasn't his fault, stammered an apology and left. Jack would have felt embarrassed if he wasn't so furious that anyone would dare go near Daniel.

He got up and stalked across the room, eyes cold with anger. He grabbed the girl by the back of her dress and yanked her off Daniel, setting her on her feet.

"Excuse us, miss." He didn't even bother with a smile as he dragged Daniel out into the back alley, pushing the agent up against the wall, both hands on Daniel's shoulders. Lipstick stains covered his mouth and Jack could feel himself growl.

Daniel smirked. "Jealous, Thompson?" He asked, running his tongue over his bottom lip. "If you wanted to take her home, you should have said so."

"You did that on purpose." Jack realised, their faces so close that he could hear Daniel breathing heavily, still recovering from the force Jack had shoved him with.

"You said you didn't get jealous. I thought you wouldn't mind." Daniel teased and Jack snarled.

"You bastard." He said before Daniel put a hand behind his head and forced their mouths together. Daniel tasted like the blonde and Jack kissed him until every piece of that girl was long gone.

Jack didn't get jealous as often as he had done but now when he got jealous, he got very good sex out of it.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. I promised I'd tell you about my next fic idea today so baaasically: rival spy au. Leave me a comment telling me whether you'd read it if I wrote it. It wouldn't be rival spies like trying to kill each other but more like they come from different organizations.

K- Killers

Chapter Summary

Warning: this chapter is a bit dark and Daniel just needs a hug.

Chapter Notes

Just to let you know that this chapter actually gives me the chills a little so consider this a warning if you're sensitive to stuff. I dunno how to explain. Ugh. Anyway, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Working for the S.S.R was surreal in a sense. Daniel hadn't known what to expect when he had signed up but he had wanted to help his country and the people in it. Taking down bad guys was the job of heroes and he struggled to class himself as one. Especially when things didn't go the way he wanted it too.

He could stand with his hands under the tap for hours, washing off blood that wasn't there, scrubbing until his skin stung and his mind screamed at him to stop. Jack would catch him doing it sometimes and pull his hands away, holding them to stop Daniel reaching for the water again. It was heart breaking in a way but they couldn't afford for it to be.

Everything had changed now that the war was over. There wasn't a clear enemy and it was so easy to slip up and cause more damage. That made it worse, in Daniel's mind.

"Daniel?" Jack called, worried by the silence in their apartment. "Daniel?" His heart skipped a beat when he heard the sound of running water and he raced into the bathroom, jumping into the bath so he could reach Daniel's hands and remove them.

Neither man said anything for a long time as Jack dried Daniel's hands with a towel, pressing kisses to the reddest patches and the pads of Daniel's fingers.

"Civilian casualty. She was a little girl, no older than seven." Daniel spoke, voice shaking as much as his hands, tears filling his eyes. "She tried to help me but he just shot her."

"It's not your fault, Daniel." Jack replied instantly but Daniel shook his head.

"If I hadn't been so goddamn slow then I would have got him. I'm fed up of this." He yelled, trying to pull his hands away in the burst of anger that surge through him. "I should have died. It would have made everything so much easier for everyone."

Jack flinched. "Not for me." He said. "I'd be dead if it weren't for you. So would Peggy and the other agents. The whole of New York would be dead if you hadn't been there to save it." Daniel snorted. "I'm being serious, Daniel. If you hadn't figured out that the blonde was Peggy then there's a good chance that there'd be a big hole where New York used to be."

“What about Krzeminski? Or Chief?” Daniel started.

“No. Chief’s death is on my hands, not yours.” Jack said firmly. “I can’t pretend you’re clean, Daniel, because that wouldn’t be fair- we’re both killers- but you can’t look at it like you’re worse for it. What you do is for the people and just because you don’t always get it right doesn’t make your intentions any less pure.”

Daniel sniffed, tears escaping his eyes and falling down his cheeks. “It won’t ever go away, Jack. I can’t get it off.”

Jack let go of Daniel’s hands and pulled him into a hug, letting Daniel bury his head in Jack’s chest due to the height difference that standing in the bath caused. Daniel sobbed, entire body shaking, as Jack petted his hair, murmuring reassuring words.

They both knew that Daniel was right and the blood wouldn’t go away but they had each other for when they needed to let everything out and that made it a little better.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. 1 comment = 1 hug for Daniel.

L- Lost

Chapter Summary

They get lost. It rains.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Face it, Jack. You have no idea where we are." Daniel huffed, stopping walking and putting a hand on his hip. The street lamp above him streamed light down, illuminating his features and his unimpressed expression.

"You don't really think about where you are when chasing a criminal, Daniel." Jack shot back, looking around the street for anything he could use to position himself. "I know what I'm doing."

"So, where are we then?" Daniel asked and he shook his head when Jack didn't reply. "I thought so."

"I'm not lost." Jack said defensively. "Just because I don't know the name of the street we're on doesn't mean I'm lost."

"Alright. If you say so." Daniel sighed. They walked for another ten minutes with no sign of the man they were chasing or anyone they could ask for directions.

"Okay, I'm lost." Jack gave up eventually and Daniel would have been glad to hear him admit it if it didn't mean that he was also lost.

"Great. Good going, Jack. Chad's going to starve now." Daniel said and Jack shot him a look that read '*I don't give a damn about the cat*'. "Can you see a phone anywhere?"

Jack shook his head. "Why? It's not like we can give anyone our address." He said, looking up to the sky when he felt a drop of rain.

"You got a better plan?" Daniel asked. "I'm not going to walk around all night; I'll lose my other leg." His comment would have been funny if they were sitting in the main room of their apartment but they weren't and it was starting to rain.

"Didn't we walk past a warehouse a few streets back? Maybe it has a name we can give so someone can come and get us." Jack suggested, partly because it was a good idea and partly because he wanted shelter from the rain.

Daniel nodded. "Alright. That's good enough for now."

Fortunately, Jack could remember where the warehouse was and they set foot inside it as soon as it started pouring. They were both soaked through and freezing and neither man wanted to go back out in the rain to look for a phone.

"Crap." Jack swore, pushing his damp hair out of his face, looking outside at the large puddles that had already formed. "It doesn't look like it's going to stop soon."

Daniel groaned. “This is your fault. If you hadn’t gone running off like that then we wouldn’t be in this mess.” He said, shivering a little.

“You didn’t have to follow me.” Jack protested.

“Yeah, I did. He had a box full of explosives and I wasn’t going to let you run into a trap.” Daniel snapped and Jack raised his hands in surrender.

“You’re right. Sorry.” He apologised. “I just wanted to catch the guy and get the case done with.”

Daniel’s face softened a little and he put a hand on Jack’s shoulder. “I know. It’s going to take us longer if we don’t find out where we are soon, thought.”

“I’ll go out and see if there’s a phone nearby.” Jack said and Daniel nodded.

“I’ll look for anything that tells us where we are.”

~

Peggy was woken up by the sound of the phone ringing. She got out of bed carefully so she wouldn’t disturb Angie and made her way into the next room, picking up the receiver.

“Hello?” She answered the call, yawning.

“Peggy. Hi. It’s Daniel.” Once he had explained the entire situation- and Peggy had stopped laughing- she agreed to come round and pick them up.

When she found them, they were huddled together at the entrance to the warehouse, half asleep and shivering. Peggy shook her head fondly. How she had managed to befriend those two idiots, she would never quite know.

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks for reading, guys. Sorry that this is taking so long to complete. It didn't quite realize how long 26 actually is. Never mind.

M- Meet The Thompsons

Chapter Summary

Introducing Maddie, Mary, Gam-Gam (Helga) and the illusive Uncle Elliot (who is around for three lines, roughly).

Chapter Notes

This chapter is so long compared to the others but I think it should be because of the new characters. I really hope you guys like this one because it's got quite a lot of my personal headcanons about Jack's family in it soooooo.
Also, the artist!Jack headcanon is a mini tribute to the fabulous Creneau who is fabulous and if you haven't read their stuff then you totally should.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Relax, Daniel. They can smell fear.” Jack teased, nudging Daniel with his elbow. He turned off the car and looked over at his boyfriend to gauge how he was feeling. “You alright?”

Daniel nodded slowly. “Just nervous. What if they don’t like me?” He said and Jack laughed, reaching over to grab one of his hands.

“They will love you. And even if they don’t, I still do.” He kissed Daniel’s cheek before letting go of his hand and getting out of the car.

He’d got the invitation for Sunday lunch and couldn’t really turn his mother down. It was odd to return home though and staring at his old house just brought back a lot of nostalgic memories.

The front door opened and a blonde haired girl ran out, barefoot and grinning. “Jack!” She said, throwing herself into his arms and letting her spin her round.

“Hi, Maddie. How are you?” Jack asked her once he had put her down and she smiled. Daniel was struck by how similar they looked but Jack had told him that he had a sister so it wasn’t too much of a surprise.

“Ten times better now that you’re here. You have no idea how boring it is to listen to Mama and Gam-Gam go on and on about different shades of blue for curtains.” Maddie spoke with so much energy that Daniel wondered how little of the world she had seen. Her attention turned to him suddenly and she eyed him up curiously.

“Maddie, this is Daniel. Daniel, my sister Maddie.” Jack introduced the pair and Daniel held out his hand for her to shake. He was slightly taken aback when she stepped forward and hugged him too.

“Hi, Daniel. Nice to meet you. I’ve heard quite a bit about you.” She said and Daniel laughed.

“Mostly good things, I hope.” He replied, covering up his nerves and coming across as confident.

Maddie chuckled.

“Mostly good things.” She clarified, nodding. “Now, I’m going to introduce you to everyone and steal the privilege off my big brother. Okay with you?”

Daniel decided then that he liked Maddie and he followed her inside, eyes wandering as he admired the house. It was quite large as houses went, with a nice garden to match. Inside was decorated simply but it was a very homely atmosphere.

Maddie led them to the main room where the source of the chattering came from.

“But I was thinking maybe a nice teal for the cushions- ah, Maddie. What do you think? Teal or turquoise?” Jack’s mother asked when her daughter entered the room. She had blue eyes like both her children’s but instead of blonde hair, she had brown curls that fell to her shoulders.

“I don’t know. What do you think, Jack?” Maddie dragged her brother and Daniel into the conversation and Jack’s mother seemed to do a double take.

“Jack.” Her face lit up and she got to her feet, hurrying over to put her arms around her son. Daniel took a small step back, distancing himself from the family moment without much fuss.

“Stop hugging the boy, Mary. I want to know who his dashing friend is.” The elderly woman in the rocking chair by the fire spoke with the same energy that Maddie had, her blue eyes twinkling.

“Gam-Gam. This is Jack’s partner, Daniel Sousa.” Maddie explained. “Daniel, this is my mother, Mary, and grandmother, Helga.” Neither Jack nor Daniel had much time to process Maddie’s emphasis as they were ushered onto the sofa.

Despite the barrage of questions, Daniel found himself relaxing as time passed. Jack’s family was nice and polite, curious but not intrusive. Every now and then, Mary would disappear to the kitchen to check on the cooking but she would return again shortly after to continue listening to Daniel’s life story.

Lunch was delicious. Daniel couldn’t remember the last time he had been served such nice homemade food but he was positive it was years before the war. Jack’s uncle Elliot made an appearance at desert time, coming in to swipe a portion of the pudding before disappearing again with Mary’s shouting following him up the stairs.

“Uncle Elliot doesn’t like people.” Maddie explained when Daniel pulled a very confused face.

“He likes me most.” Helga announced proudly. “And he should. Couldn’t have my youngest son being so disrespectful to his mother.”

“That would be awful.” Jack agreed, smiling at his mother across the table and she glared at him. Daniel smother his laugh very quickly.

After lunch, Jack gave Daniel a tour of his house. “And this used to be my room. Mama doesn’t like to change things so it’s almost exactly as I left it.”

The layout was almost identical to the old layout in their bedroom. “Get homesick?” Daniel asked and Jack smiled a little sheepishly.

“I was going to change it and then… well, the war happened.” He explained and Daniel nodded. “Oh, look, she kept them.” Jack added, opening a desk draw and pulling out some drawings and paintings. Each one was signed with the initials JT.

“I didn’t know you could draw.” Daniel smiled, their shoulder’s bumping together as Jack spread the pictures out for Daniel to see.

“I can’t anymore. That talent got shot off along with my personality.” Jack admitted and Daniel sighed.

“You can’t hold me to that forever.” He said and Jack laughed, flicking through a sketch book he’d pulled out.

“It will as long as it stays accurate.” He said before passing the book to Daniel, tapping a portrait of a man. “That’s my father. Gam-Gam always said I would grow up to look like him. I didn’t think it would be so exact.”

Jack’s father had the same face, same nose, same eyes and the same hair as Jack. The only notable difference that distinguished the two was the tightness of the man’s mouth compared to Jack’s.

“I drew this before I left.” Jack said, absentmindedly tracing his father’s features, smiling sadly. “I came home and he was gone. He died the same day I- I…” He trailed off, shaking his head, fighting off memories and tears.

Daniel set the book down carefully and pulled Jack into a tight hug. “I’m sorry, Jack. I really am.” He said softly and Jack moved back so he could kiss Daniel gently. He just needed to feel something that didn’t eat at him inside.

It wasn’t long before Jack had Daniel pinned against the wall, kissing him hard but slow, with one hand under Daniel’s shirt. The world fell away in that moment and they didn’t realise that the door was open until it was too late.

They broke apart when someone coughed, spinning round to find Gam-Gam in the doorway. Red faced and expecting the usual slurs, Jack opened his mouth to defend them both but the elderly woman spoke first.

“Tea’s ready. I made my special cookies just for you, Jack.” She said, smiling like she hadn’t just caught them making out. “I trust you’ve told Daniel about my cooking awards, yes?”

When all that followed was a stunned- and slightly awkward- silence, Helga sighed and shook her head.

“Honestly, Jack. You should have learnt to close doors from the incident we had aged seventeen. Just be glad I’m not your mother or you’d be out the door quicker than you can say ‘mother Mary and Jesus’.” Gam-Gam said. “I’ll give you boys five minutes then I’ll serve up.” She turned and walked away, the soft padding of slippers on carpet echoing their heavy heart beats.

They put away the drawings and sketch book in silence, unable to meet each other’s eyes. Daniel spoke first. “What happened when you were seventeen?”

“I had a very pretty neighbour and she liked to climb through windows at night.” Jack replied, shutting the draw and finally looking at Daniel.

“Oh.” Daniel said and Jack nodded.

“Not my finest moment.” He shrugged, running his hands through his hair to remove its ‘post-smooch’ look.

“Neither was that.” Daniel said and Jack hummed in agreement.

“It could have been my mother.” He pointed out and Daniel tucked his shirt back in, straightening his sweater vest.

“Your grandma has a very… relaxed attitude.” Daniel said and Jack laughed, moving away from the mirror and fixing Daniel’s hair for him.

“I think she likes you. She’s hated most of the girlfriends I brought over for lunch.” Jack told him and Daniel wasn’t sure whether he should be relieved or even more concerned. “Don’t look at me like that. I did bring friends over too.”

Daniel shook his head. “No, no. Not that. I think I might have bitten your lip a bit.” He lifted his hand and ran his thumb over the bleeding area.

“It’s alright. I’ll just say that Gam-Gam made me jump while I was biting my lip. I’ve used that excuse so many times that my mother thinks that I’m constantly biting my lip.” Jack said and Daniel nodded.

“Okay. Now, what’s this about your grandmother having cooking awards?” He asked and Jack chuckled, heading out of the bedroom.
“Just you wait until you try her cookies, Daniel. Just you wait.”

~

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” Jack said when they were finally on the road, heading home. Mary had offered to let them stay the night but they had work tomorrow and they had grown so accustomed to sleeping in the same bed that staying overnight would have ended badly for someone.

“Your mum looked like she was going to swamp me with blankets when you told her about my leg. There’s sympathy and then there’s pity and then there’s whatever she did.” Daniel shook his head and Jack grinned.

“She loves you. They all do.” Jack told him, the unspoken ‘*and my grandmother doesn’t mind we’re together*’ left for both to think.

“And what about you? How are you feeling?” Daniel checked and Jack looked over at him to give him the most adoring look that Daniel had ever seen.

“I’m so in love with you that it hurts, Daniel. They’ll write out my obituary and under cause of death it will say ‘loving Daniel Sousa’.” Jack said and Daniel laughed, leaning over and kissing Jack’s cheek.

“I meant about earlier but I love you too, Jack.” He said and Jack smiled.

“I’ll move on. That’s what we have to do, isn’t it?” He answered and Daniel simply nodded, watching the world move past out of the window.

Chapter End Notes

Ta da. Hope you enjoyed. Kudos and comments are super appreciated. It's totally fine if you don't wanna leave a comment every chapter because there's 26 of these things so just reading is also cool. You are more than welcome to come and say hi on my

tumblr. (www.connectingsmalldots.tumblr.com).

N- Neck

Chapter Summary

They don't know what subtle is and it is painful both to Peggy and me.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to Anusha who suggested this idea. This one's for you. X

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey, Sousa. Whatcha do to your neck?" Agent Samson asked, pausing beside Daniel's desk to look at his neck curiously. He raised his eyebrows when Daniel slapped a hand over the marks, flushing.

"Aww, Sousa's been having a bit of fun with his girlfriend?" Agent King grinned, joining in the conversation with his mouth full of sandwich. "Come on, Sousa. What's she like?"

Daniel could feel everyone's eyes on him and he hoped that Jack had the sense to not walk in, knowing that the blond bore similar marks. He was not going to be uncovered by hickeys.

"That's none of your business." He shot back and the agents laughed.

"Don't be like that, Sousa. At least give us a description. She got brown hair and red lips?" Agent Morton asked, highfiving Agent Yates.

Peggy shook her head. "Gentlemen, I thought we'd made it clear that Daniel and I are not in a relationship. Besides, I have more class than anyone who leaves love bites where they can be seen." She said and Agent Adams whistled.

"Damn, boys. Looks like we've got a mystery on our hands. Thirty bucks each to the first one to find out who's been marking up Sousa?" He suggested and there was a murmur of agreement throughout the office.

Peggy cursed. That was a lot of money she could win but she wasn't going to turn Daniel and Jack in, even if they deserved it for being so careless.

She scribbled a note on a scrap bit of paper and threw it onto Daniel's desk.

'You owe me at least $200. P.'

Daniel laughed quietly and wrote a reply, tossing it back.

'I didn't leave the marks. D.'

'No, but they're debating over your girlfriend. P.'

'Are they really that obvious? D.'

‘Not unless you’re looking. P.’

Daniel was in the process of writing a reply when Jack came in and time moved in slow motion. The other agents were still discussing his ‘girlfriend’ and he watched as Jack figured out what was going on and subtly adjusted his coat collar.

He shot Daniel an apologetic look and ran a hand over his shoulders as he passed, ignoring Peggy’s giggling.

“Hey, Thompson. You want in?” Agent Yates called before Jack could disappear into his office. So close.

“In on what?” Jack asked, trying to play the situation off calmly so no one would notice the edges of marks on his neck.

“Sousa’s girlfriend. First one to find out who she is gets all the dough.” Yates explained and Jack raised his eyebrows.

“That’s an easy puzzle though, Yates. I heard your mother was quite young.” He deadpanned before grinning as the other agents whooped with laughter. Daniel hit his head against his lamp with a loud sigh.

Yates went to say something in return but he shut his mouth quickly, retreating to his desk.

“Back to work, gentlemen… and Peggy.” Jack said before going into his office. He came back out a few minutes later and dropped a bunch of files on Daniel’s desk.

“Can you put these away for me, Sousa? Thanks.” He didn’t give Daniel a chance to reply before he was gone again. Daniel looked down, expecting to see surveillance reports but instead finding a sheet of paper on top.

‘Sorry about the neck. At least neither of us will be changing any time today or things might get a little more difficult. It’s your turn to get lunch. Jack. x
Oh, and these files just need putting in the box marked 172. I’ve done all the sorting for you.’

Daniel shook his head. It would be a small miracle if no one ever found out about him and Jack.

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks for reading. I've finished a little planning for the Rival Spy AU and I should start working on that pretty soon. I just wanna let you guys know that exam season for me starts tomorrow so I can't guarantee anything from about next week onwards. I might make a side blog for my tumblr to post updates so you guys know what's going on so I'll let you know if I do. :)

O- Obvious

Chapter Summary

Peggy is 300% done constantly.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is for writingcello who suggested that 'O' could be obvious. I don't know whether this is what you were after but here you go anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peggy wasn't sure if the other agents were blind or dumb most days. She would have run out of appendages if she had tried to count the number of giveaways that Jack and Daniel were together. It was actually infuriating. She actually made an effort hiding her relationship with Angie from those she didn't trust but the boys were actually useless.

The amount of times she had caught them making out in awkward places was the most annoying. Half the time, they didn't even care. The first time had been during a night shift and they hadn't even stopped as she went round Jack's office, closed all the blinds and shut the door on her way out. The filing room seemed to be their most used location because she was always walking in and walking back out to politely wait in the corridor until they were done.

And sometimes they even slipped up. *'I love you'*s getting tossed back and forth as simply as a ball, right over the heads of the other agents.

For agents tasked with keeping the entire country safe, Peggy was convinced that they should have been more observant. Even the small things like knowing each other's lunch order based on how the other was acting should have given a little bit of a hint to start the agents digging.

But no. Peggy often would complain to Angie about it and Angie would mouth along to what Peggy was saying because it was repeated almost daily. *"I'm pretty sure they could have sex on Daniel's desk and no one would figure it out."*

"Oh, bloody Nora." Peggy yelped, turning the corner and quickly covering her eyes. "Do you two even know that you could get arrested and more if I was someone else?"

"At least we're using the ladies bathroom. Only you come in here." Jack pointed out quite cheerfully and Peggy removed her hand once she heard the zipping up of trousers. Daniel had the decency to look slightly guilty.

"That is not a good excuse, Jack. What about female suspects we have in for questioning? What about Rose and the other girls downstairs? The cleaners?" Peggy listed off other people who used the bathroom and Jack laughed, buttoning up his shirt and flattening out the creases.

"They might like to join us. That blonde Russian chick seemed like she was into some kinky stuff- ow, Daniel!" He whined when Daniel hit him over the back of the head.

“Sorry, Peg.” Daniel apologised, smiling a little. “It won’t happen again.”

“It better not. You still owe me 200 for the betting money I can’t win.” Peggy said, folding her arms across her chest. She couldn’t be mad with Daniel for too long which always made catching them in the act a lot harder to sort properly.

Jack snorted. “*Hey, everyone. I know who Daniel’s girlfriend is. It’s Jack.*” He grinned. “Their faces may almost make it worth it until they arrest us.”

“Get out, Thompson.” Peggy sighed, gesturing to the door. She stuck out her leg as he passed, almost tripping him up and earning a glare in response. “Daniel?”

“Yeah, Peg?” Daniel said, on his way out too.

“Please stop being so obvious. I couldn’t care less about Jackass but I’d rather they didn’t arrest you. I hear prison food is almost as crap as Jack’s personality.” She told him and Daniel chuckled, putting a hand on her shoulder.

“Clearly it’s not that bad then.” He smiled and left, leaving Peggy standing alone, shaking her head.

“Idiots. Idiots, idiots, idiots.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Also, to all of you lovely people who wished me luck with my exams, you gave me loads of confidence for my exam today and I love you for that. Thanks!! Nearly at the end of these now and then we can start on the spy au. :)

P- Promises

Chapter Summary

Daniel keeps a box of promises. (This is one of my favorite ones.)

Chapter Notes

OMG. I'm so excited about uploading this one because I nearly cried over it. I made Daniel too cute but I'm not sorry. Enjoy.
Italics mean old notes. Bold mean new notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Daniel had a box hidden under the floorboards, under the bed. He had raised a floorboard one evening when Jack was working a nightshift and the box fit in there. It wasn't a big box but it wasn't small either and he kept promises in it.

'I promise to behave in school.'

More specifically, he kept small scraps of paper with promises written on them. His promises.

'I promise to go to bed when daddy says to.'

It was silly and a little too sappy to be confessed but he had always done it. Ever since he was little, he had a box that he kept promises in. His mother would write her own for his box too, signing them with three small 'x's.

'I promise to listen to mummy.'

He could remember sitting on his bedroom floor when he was very young, decorating the box with colours and paint, while his mother laughed and told him never to break any of them.

'I promise to be good.'

He got rid of the box when he returned home when the war ended, burning all the promises one by one with a lighter.

'I promise to be kind to others.'

He hadn't kept them.

'I promise to never hurt someone.'

He had killed so many people in the blur of combat.

'I promise to be brave.'

He hadn't been brave when they told him about his leg. He had cried like the world was over

because, in a way, it had been.

'I promise to stay strong.'

But then he fell in love with Jack and it just seemed like the right thing to do. He started over his promises with a new life as a new person with a new love and new friends.

'I promise to stand up for what I think is right.'

The box had felt empty at first but over time it had gotten so full that Daniel had rewritten some on smaller pieces of paper and started sticking repeated ones to the inside of the lid.

'I promise to never leave you.'

Sometimes, when he was feeling really low, he would get the box out and go through the new promises. He kept the ones Jack made to him too. He always marked those with three 'x's, like the ones his mother used to write.

'I promise to feed Chad when it's my turn. xxx'

Somewhere funny or just plain stupid and others were so heartfelt that Daniel would have to take a moment to read them over and over.

'I promise to never shut you out again. xxx'

Daniel supposed that he would have to tell Jack about them one day if they ever moved or it just came up in conversation. He often wondered what Jack would say as he lay awake at night, the sound of Jack's heartbeat in his ears.

'I promise to only keep JackDaniels in the apartment.'

But he also thought about never telling him and leaving it as a surprise. He could only imagine Jack's face when he discovered all their promises, hidden in a box under the floorboards, secret and safe.

'I promise to never buy flowers unless there is a good reason. xxx'

Or maybe one day in a better world, he could use them to propose. Maybe.

'I promise to love you as long as I live.'

'I promise to marry you as soon as I get the chance.'

'I promise to protect you with my life. xxx'

'I promise to forgive you, no matter what. xxx'

'I promise to show you these one day.'

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Leave a comment telling me what you thought and I'll love you

for forever. If you want to follow my new blog so you can see my updates for upcoming fics then go here: http://connectingsmallwords.tumblr.com/
:)

Q- Quiet

Chapter Summary

In which everything is too quiet and Jack should really put the bottle down.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jack hated sleeping alone now. He had become so used to sharing with Daniel, falling asleep and waking up with the agent pressed against his side or draped over his chest, warm skin against warm skin. He couldn't sleep without Daniel's heavy breathing in his ear or the thudding of his heart filling the silence.

Now, it was just too quiet. Jack sighed, sat up and switched on the lamp beside him, running a hand over his face. If it had been a night shift then he would have been alright to sleep as he knew Daniel would be coming home soon but Daniel wasn't coming home that evening.

"I should be at the hospital with him." Jack voiced his thoughts out loud and Chad opened one eye sleepily, the blue standing out from the bundle of gold fur at the end of the bed. "Don't look at me like that. If the nurses weren't sick of seeing us there then I would be."

If cats had eyebrows, Jack was pretty sure Chad would have raised his and he shut his eye, burying his head under his tail. Jack shook his head.

"Bloody cat. I thought we were friends." He said and swung his legs off the edge of the bed, getting to his feet. Maybe a drink would help him sleep.

The sound of bare feet on the floor was just a reminder that he was the only one making noise in the apartment. The faint rumble of engines and shouting of drunks staggering home drifted in through the open window in the kitchen and Jack opened the cupboard with the JackDaniels in, grabbing the first bottle, taking off the cap and drinking straight from the bottle.

If Daniel was there then he would have complain, telling Jack to go back to bed and to stop drinking in the early hours of the morning. But Daniel wasn't there and the quiet didn't tell Jack to stop.

He put the bottle down, breathing heavily, and pushed himself up so he could sit on the counter by the window. He listened to the world outside, wondering if Daniel could hear the quiet too like he could.

~

Daniel waited until the nurse was gone before he sat up again. The bed was so uncomfortable and he wanted nothing more than to be tucked up against Jack in their bed rather than confined to the brick of a mattress that the hospital provided.

It wasn't even a serious injury- a bullet to his thigh- and he didn't have a leg below it to worry about either. It was so unfair and so quiet.

He had a ward to himself because no one else was dumb enough to be injured and the silence was unbearable. Very slowly, he sat up and looked across the room to the window.

The traffic outside was dying down, the sound partially muffed by glass, bright lights and flashes dimmed by the giant green curtains. It was only a short distance away and Daniel wished he could reach in order to watch the world outside.

But it was still so quiet. Daniel missed Chad's purring and Jack's sleep talking; the contented sighs and rustling of the covers.

When he shut his eyes, he could picture Jack looking out at the same city and, even separated, they still shared something.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Comments and kudos are great. My update blog is here if you want to follow it.

R- Romantic

Chapter Summary

Jack is a big romantic and no one can tell me otherwise.

Chapter Notes

I'm so happy guys!!! We're getting season 2!!! I can't wait!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had become very clear when they had starting dating that they were both romantics. It had been easy to expect from Daniel- anyone with puppy eyes and a smile cuter than a mountain of kittens was going to be a little sappy- but Daniel hadn't consider Jack the romantic type… at first.

Daniel sometimes found himself wondering if Jack and Agent Thompson were two different people because there didn't seem to be anyway that the man who bought him three new sweater vests because he thought they would be warmer than the older ones and the man who hid his crutch in the filing room were one and the same. And yet, they so obviously were.

"Daniel. Guess what." Jack said, striding into the kitchen in a loose shirt and tracksuit bottoms.

Daniel raised his eyebrows and looked up from the report he was writing, sat at the kitchen table with Chad playfully batting at his real foot.

"Uh, you've been at the JackDaniels already?" He suggested half-heartedly and Jack shook his head.

"I am offended. We have work tomorrow." Jack said, rolling his eyes. "I had one glass."

"Jack!" Daniel threw his hands up into the air, dropping his pen and staring at his boyfriend. "Ah, fuck you." He added when Jack grinned. "Dirty liar."

"You fell for it." Jack pointed out. "Anyway, I got something for you." He reached into his trouser pocket and pulled out a little box. "Not an engagement ring, before your mind explodes. There's two reasons why that's a bad idea."

Daniel took the box carefully, turning it over in his hands. "What's the second?"

"You get stuck with me for the rest of your life." Jack said, sitting down on the chair beside Daniel, waiting expectantly. "Open it."

"Alright. Alright." Daniel nodded, laughing quietly. "You better not have spent loads on me."

Jack shrugged. "Open the box and find out." He said and Daniel lifted off the lid.

His jaw dropped and his eyes flicked to Jack then back then to Jack again. "Oh, Jack." He said

softly, voice warning of potential tears.

“I thought you might like them” Jack said. He watched as Daniel hooked a finger round the chain and lifted Jack’s dog tags out the box, the metal glinting in the light. “I’m all yours away so… mphf.”

Daniel grabbed Jack by the front of his shirt and pulled him forward, smashing their lips together, kissing him hard. “I love you so much, you know that?” He said once they had to part for air.

“I love you more.” Jack smiled, resting their foreheads together as he ran a thumb over Daniel’s cheek. “I’m so glad I met you.”

“You’re such a romantic, Jack.” Daniel laughed. “Next thing you know, we’ll be having sex under the stars, surrounded by rose petals.” He joked and Jack grinned.

“Well, if you want to, I won’t say no.” He replied and Daniel rolled his eyes.

“No, Jack. For one, grass is not the most comfortable thing to lie on.” Daniel started and Jack silenced him by kissing him.

“Alright, Daniel. No romantic star, rose petal sex.”

~

Daniel always wore the dog tags under his shirt.

Chapter End Notes

I'm such a sap. I love writing these cute chapters. Anyway, thanks for reading. *insert usual junk here* Forget that stuff. We're getting season 2!!!!!!!!!

S- Snow

Chapter Summary

I'm so unseasonal but I don't caaaare.

Chapter Notes

#sorrynotsorry

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Daniel. Daniel. Daniel. Daniel James Sousa, wake the *fuck up*.” Jack poked Daniel in the side repeatedly, raising his voice in volume until Daniel opened his eyes, looking at him with a half-asleep but still very annoyed expression.

“Jack Tristan Samuel Thompson, let me fucking sleep.” He retorted and almost shut his eyes again but what Jack said next had him shoot up right.
“It’s snowing.”

“Shit, really?” Daniel gaped, and Jack was convinced he’d never seen Daniel move so fast with only one leg as he made his way to the window, yanking back the curtains. “Oh my God. Call Peggy. She’d got a massive garden. We are going.”

Jack laughed. “Alright, keep your leg on, you five year old. I'll call Peggy."

~

It wasn’t just a snowball fight, no. It was a full scale snowball war with two massive forts in the back garden and tactical systems in place. One of the perks of playing in the snow with veterans was they planned like an actual war and a perk of playing with an actress was she was very good at dramatically getting hit.

“Oh, I’m down.” Angie wailed, collapsing back in the snow when Daniel hit her in the chest. “Peggy, don’t leave me.” She grabbed Peggy’s hand and the agent tried very hard to keep a straight face.

“Never, my darling.” She replied then they both burst into laughter. They didn’t notice Jack sneaking up on them until they were buried under a pile of snow that the agent shook off a tree above them.

“Thompson! Get back here!” Peggy yelled and Jack took off running, leaping over his fort wall and ducking down, crouched beside Daniel.

Both men picked up a few snowballs from the pile Daniel had made and waited until Peggy and Angie were close enough before launching their full scale attack.

They won eventually but only after Peggy stuffed a handful of snow down both of their shirts.

~

“I feel like a kid again.” Jack commented, shifting closer to Daniel on the sofa, covered in towels and warm blankets, a mug of hot chocolate in his hands. The others were all bundled up too with Angie lying in front of the fireplace while the record player voiced slow, dance songs.

“It hardly ever snows here. We got lucky.” Daniel added, taking a long sip from his mug, hair still a little damp and sticking up at weird angles from where it had dried oddly.

“We’ll be lucky if no one does anything criminal today while we’re out of the office.” Peggy said, stretching out and putting her cold feet in Daniel’s lap.

Jack snorted. “Justice never sleeps but it does take snow days.” He said and the others laughed.

“Snow makes everyone act like they’re seven, I swear.” Angie said, eyes closed as she drank up the warmth the fire gave off, exhausted from their mini war.

Daniel chuckled. “You were the one who build four snowmen that looked like us and then begged Peg to make hot chocolate, Angie.” He pointed out and Angie shrugged.

“You were the one who forced Jackass to drive over here at high speed so we could build four snowmen and have a snowball fight.” She reminded him and Daniel shut his mouth, thinking of no good way to respond. Instead, he just snuggled closer to Jack.

The four lapsed into silence for a long time before Peggy spoke. “Why is my hat on a snowman?” She frowned and her gaze fell on Jack when he started laughing. “Thompson, I swear to God…” she began but Angie cut her off.

“You may wanna look for your scarf too.”

“Angie!”

Chapter End Notes

> I just love these four soooooo much. I live for the banter. Thanks for reading. :)
> P.S I've been waiting to use 'keep your leg on' for ages. I just adore the idea of the pair of them becoming so comfortable about Daniel's disability that it just becomes another casual element to their lives. *happy sighing*

T- Thunder

Chapter Summary

Jack is afraid of thunder because of what it reminds him of.

Chapter Notes

I purposely left the whole nightmare a little vague because I'm going to write the Japan fic separately so this can be read as either before or after. :)
And yes, the Statue Of Liberty thing is a reference to Creneau's fic 'Do You Really Wanna Know?' which you probably all have read but if you haven't then you should.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn't just the loud crash of thunder that woke Daniel up. (It wasn't the loud yowl either.) He opened his eyes, confused for a moment that he couldn't feel Jack's warmth anywhere, and let out a soft breath.

Jack was sitting with his legs hanging off the edge of the bed, elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, panting, sobbing quietly and hiccupping, shoulders visibly shaking. Daniel pulled himself up and across the bed so he was sitting beside the blond.

"Jack?" He said gently, draping an arm over Jack's shoulders and pulling him closer. "Shhh, Jack, it's over now. You're home."

Jack melted into Daniel, breaking apart as if he was made of glass, letting Daniel wrap him in his arms and hold him tightly. Daniel kept talking quietly into Jack's ear, repeating the same phrases over and over until Jack calmed down enough.

"Same one?" Daniel asked when Jack moved his head onto Daniel's shoulder, still leaning on him heavily.

"The storm. It just- it-," Jack started and had to pause for a moment. Daniel pressed a kiss to his temple, not rushing his answer. "It sounds like fighting." He managed eventually, trying to focus on his breathing rather than the noise of the storm outside.

"I know, Jack. I know it does. You're so brave. I love you." Daniel nodded and Jack laughed a little mechanically.

"I'm scared of thunder and lightning, Daniel. I don't think that's-," he was cut off by a loud crash and the end of Jack's sentence was lost when he hid against Daniel. It would have been slightly amusing if Daniel didn't know how bad some of Jack's nightmares really were.

"Everyone has to be scared of something. You know what I'm scared of?" Daniel asked, coaxing Jack into a conversation. He had learnt with experience that taking Jack's mind off the nightmare then talking about it in the morning was the best tactic.

“Stairs?” Jack said weakly and Daniel chuckled, running his fingers through Jack’s hair.

“You’re kind of right, I suppose. Heights.” Daniel said and Jack perked up a little.

“How? Standing above everything is so beautiful.” He replied and Daniel shook his head.

“I hate it. I manage in buildings but anything that could even be slightly precarious is terrifying.” He explained. “And anyway, you miss things if you stand too far away.”

“Does that mean you don’t like flying?” Jack asked, completely ignorant of the storm outside. “Have you ever been up the Statue of Liberty?”

“Jack, are you aware of how many stairs there are?” Daniel asked back and Jack smiled.

“Fair point.” He said, pausing for a moment. “I think I’m alright to sleep now. Thank you.” He kissed Daniel’s cheek and the pair settled back down, cuddling up together under the covers.

Chad curled up in a space between their entangled legs, deciding it was safe to return to the bed. The storm continued to rage outside by Jack kept himself close to Daniel, listening to his heart beating instead of the crashes.

“Daniel?” Jack asked before they both fell asleep.

“Mmm?” Daniel said, not bothering to open his eyes.

“If I was stuck at the top of the Statue of Liberty, would you still come and rescue me?” He questioned and Daniel smiled.

“If I say yes, it doesn’t mean you can now do dangerous things at the top of the Statue of Liberty.” He answered. “But, yes. I might be scared of heights and there may be a lot of stairs but I’m more worried about losing you.”

“You sap.”

“Yeah, yeah. Love you too. Go to sleep.”

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks for reading. I got kind of deep with their responses and having their answers match their personalities so I hope you guys can pick up on that because I was oddly proud of myself for it.

U-Unison

Chapter Summary

Jack and Daniel are being too synchronized for the other agents.

Chapter Notes

I regret nothing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I mean it's crazy!" Agent Yates complained during the lunch break, his feet up on his desk.

"What?" Agent King frowned, only half in the conversation as most of his attention was focused on the door. They were still waiting for Agent Morton to get back with the lunch order.

"They finish each other's-," Agent Yates started but the door opened and Agent Morton strode in with several brown paper bags.

"Sandwiches!" He announced, tossing everyone their relevant bags before pulling up his chair to sit in the circle with everyone else.

"They finish each other's sentences. Haven't you noticed?" Agent Yates said and the other agents raised their eyebrows, mouths stuffed with food almost comically.

Agent Samson nodded. "I have. It's spooky. I mean I know they seem to have the same ideas all the time but it's like they're one person in two bodies."

Agent Johnson snorted. "Well, one and three quarters." He said through a large bite of his sandwich and the other agents shook their head.

"Just because you only have half a personality, Johnson." Peggy said, joining the conversation and perching on Agent Chester's desk, a box of salad in one hand and a fork in the other. Agent Johnson went a shade of red that matched her tomatoes.

"You've noticed it, haven't you, Carter?" Agent Yates said, turning to her. "Thompson and Sousa doing everything in unison nowadays."

Peggy covered up her massive grin with a smaller smile instead. "I still don't understand how they did the meeting yesterday like that. Half of it came out of Sousa's mouth and the other half out of Thompson's."

The other agents nodded in agreement.

"I was terrified when they turned their heads at the same time." Agent Chester admitted. "They were so synchronised that it was scary."

A few agents jumped when the doors opened and Jack and Daniel walked in, discussing something quietly. They stopped walking and both stared at the cluster of agents with matching expressions.

“They’re even doing it now.” Agent Chester whispered.

“Doing what?” Daniel and Jack said at the exact same time and Agent Yates choked on his coffee.

“Doing what?” Jack repeated more firmly, glaring at each of the agents in turn while Daniel just watched Peggy.

“The thing where you act like you’re the same person.” Peggy answered when no one else spoke. Daniel laughed.

“You mean how we keep finishing-,”

“-each other’s sentences?” Jack finished and they both grinned. It became very clear to the agents that they were being messed with.

“I will hit both of you with a chair if you don’t stop that. It’s really creepy.” Peggy threatened.

“Yeah, alright.” Daniel agreed although Jack mouthed what he was saying as he spoke. “It’s probably better that we stop.”

~

“Do you believe in soulmates?” Jack asked a week later, nearly cutting off part of his thumb when he looked away from chopping up vegetables.

Daniel frowned, forehead creasing. “Like destiny and all that crap?” He checked, surprised when Jack nodded.

“Kinda. More like the two halves of a whole thing.” He clarified.

Daniel thought for a moment, biting his lip a little. “I don’t know. Why’d you ask?”

Jack shrugged, dropping the chopped vegetables into a saucepan of boiling water on the stove. “Angie brought it up. She was saying that the reason we’re always in unison is because we’re soulmates.”

Daniel chuckled. “She does like her elaborate tales.” He nodded before seriously thinking about the question. Maybe he and Jack were soulmates; they had creeped out nearly every agent with their synchronicity but Daniel had just thought of it as a strong connection.

“You think it’s a clever the idea. You’re smiling.” Jack said and Daniel snapped back into reality, looking up at his boyfriend.

“I think you’re an idiot.” Daniel shot back teasingly and Jack grinned.

“I didn’t say the two things were mutually exclusive. Now, are you going to help me cook dinner or what?”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, that was Frozen. Yes, I am proud of doing it. Thanks for reading. :)

V- Value

Chapter Summary

A tribute to Peggy.

Chapter Notes

Not really JackDaniels stuff but I wrote this on the day Season 2 was announced so I felt like I should.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Thank you."

Peggy blinked several times, frozen in position. She opened her mouth, closed it then opened it again, clearly confused.

"What?" She said finally and Jack laughed.

"Don't make me repeat myself, Carter." He said, walking away, leaving Peggy feeling very stunned.

~

"Thanks, Carter." Jack said cheerfully and Peggy nearly dropped her mug in surprise. Twice in the same week? There was clearly something wrong with the agent.

She just nodded, deciding not to comment.

~

"Hey, Peg. You want me to file these for you?" Jack offered and Peggy raised her eyebrows.

"Okay, Thompson. What are you playing at?" She demanded and Jack blinked.

"What do you mean?" He said, expression as innocent as it could be.

"You keep being nice to me. What are you up to?" Peggy asked and Jack just laughed, picking up Peggy's files and adding them to his own.

When he left the room, Peggy tossed a piece of paper at Daniel to get his attention.

"Oi, Daniel. What's wrong with Jack?" She said once he turned around to look at her and he laughed.

"Oh, that's a story. I'll tell you later over coffee if you want?" Daniel offered and Peggy nodded. Thank God that Daniel was going to give her some answers.

~

“Right. Tell me or I may explode.” Peggy said, setting her tea down on the table while Daniel chuckled into his coffee.

“Basically,” he said, “Jack got a little drunk and he may have accidentally told me that he thinks you’re amazing so I told him he should be nicer to you to show it.”

Peggy raised her eyebrows. “You honestly want me to believe that Jack Thompson is being nice to me because he thinks I’m cool?” She replied and Daniel nodded.

“That’s the truth of it. I know his opinion doesn’t matter to you that much but you matter to us.” Daniel said and Peggy reached across the table to squeeze his hand.

“You’re too cute, Daniel.” She told him. “I’m not sure what you’ve done to Jack but he’s certainly less of an asshole now.”

Daniel laughed. “He was never that much of an asshole really. Everyone has their covers to maintain to hide their secrets.” He said and if his tone had been any darker then Peggy would have gotten worried. But he was smiling so she let it slide.

“It’s kind of unnerving, actually.” Peggy admitted after a short pause to drink some of her tea. “He did my filing, Daniel. The other agents are going to start a betting pool over whether I’m dating you or him if this keeps up.”

“Who would you rather date?” Daniel asked then grinned when Peggy kicked him. “I’m kidding. I’m kidding. Obviously, it’s me. Hey.” He added when she kicked him again.

“You’re one of my best friends, Daniel. Dating you would be like dating my brother.” She said and Daniel nodded.

“I should have asked you out sooner.” He mused, the act ruined by his giant smile.

“Quit that. We have partners.” Peggy pointed out and Daniel laughed.

“That we do. It’s weird, isn’t it? That we’re all in love with you, I mean.” He said and Peggy blushed slightly.

“That’s not true, Daniel. I-,”

“It is. We all really admire you, Peg. You’re great. You might know your value but so do we and you’re worth more than us all combined.” Daniel said and Peggy looked down, biting her lip.

There was a pause before Daniel added, “could you get me another cup of coffee?”

“Oh, shut up.”

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks for reading. Have you guys heard the news that Peggy's storyline will be based out of NY in season 2? We might not get to see Daniel, Angie, Jarvis and Jack as much!!!! I hope that we do because I love them all just as much as I love Peggy!! My tumblr is here if you want to come and scream with me. :)

W- Whole

Chapter Summary

Maddie returns and notices the difference within her brother.

Chapter Notes

Yay! More Maddie!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Whoa. Your apartment is really nice." Maddie said, looking around as Jack led her inside. She had needed a place to stay overnight while she visited New York and Jack had been keen to see his little sister again.

"Daniel does most of the decorating. His sense of style is better than mine." Jack admitted, carrying Maddie's bag into the spare bedroom. It wasn't a large room but it didn't need to be as the boys never used it. It mostly just contained things that they couldn't find a place for.

"I don't doubt it. Any man with sweater vests like that is going to have better taste than you." Maddie teased, digging her elbow into Jack's ribs. "Speaking of your other half, where is he?"

"Out." Jack said plainly. "I'm going to start dinner. Make yourself at home. I'll be in the kitchen." He put a hand on her shoulder and pulled her closer so he could kiss the top of her head before leaving the room.

Maddie found a chest of draws and started unpacking her things into it before she left the spare room to explore the apartment. Jack was too absorbed in singing along to the radio to notice her as she went from the bathroom, down the hall and into the main bedroom to snoop.

"Huh." She said to herself, picking up one of the framed pictures from one of the bedside tables. It was a photo of Peggy, Angie, Daniel and Jack in the Stark house- not that Maddie knew that- and they were all smiling, arms over each other's shoulders except for one of Jack's arms which was looped around Daniel's waist.

It was cute, Maddie thought. She hadn't seen her brother so happy since… well, since he moved out. His apartment was the same but it had felt different to the one she was standing in now; everything was the same but more alive somehow.

"Maddie, dinner!" Jack called and Maddie set the photo down, slipping out of the bedroom and shutting the door.

"Yay, food." She grinned, wandering into the kitchen. She laughed when she spotted a cat curled up on top of the fridge. "I didn't know you had a cat." She said, reaching up to pet Chad.

"Long story. Daniel's fault." Jack said, putting two plates of spaghetti on the table before grabbing two glasses and filling them with water. "Sit and eat before it gets cold."

Maddie pulled a face, sliding into a chair. “Alright, mother.” She took a glass from Jack when he offered it to her and started eating. “When did you learn to cook so well? Oh, wait, don’t tell me: Daniel?”

Jack laughed, his cheeks going slightly pink. “Partly. Angie taught me the best way to cook spaghetti when we got drunk on New Year’s Eve.”

Maddie nodded. Jack was a completely different person, she was discovering, and she was so happy for him. He was smiling and bright unlike how he had been after he returned home.

Maddie helped Jack wash up once they’d finished eating, the two siblings squabbling playfully. Then they settled down on the sofa and talked.

There was no restrictions to what they could say when there was no one to judge and no one to interrupt. There were a lot of classified things that Jack couldn’t share but he explained everything as best as he could and Maddie told him how she was moving out to live near a place she had got an apprenticeship in.

“A mechanic? Wow, Maddie, that’s great.” Jack beamed. He knew that Maddie had done work during the war and he was proud of his sister for wanting to continue it. Maddie was surprised.

“You think so? Two years ago, you would have been telling me to settle down and get married.” She said and Jack shrugged like his personality change was nothing.

“If I ever get the chance, let me introduce you to Peggy Carter and you’ll never look at anyone the same way again.” He said seriously before the front door opened.

Chad leapt from Maddie’s lap and raced to the door, eager to greet Daniel.

“Honey, I’m home.” Daniel called, chuckling. “Oh, hey, Chad.” He added when the cat started rubbing against his leg.

“Chad, let Daniel come through the door.” Jack shook his head, getting up from the sofa so he could pick up the cat and move it away. “Hey, you.” He pecked Daniel’s lips, taking his boyfriend’s bag and helping him out of his jacket. “I missed you today. How was Brooklyn?”

Daniel sighed. “Peggy wouldn’t stop pointing out alleys. She knew the place like she was born there.” He said, shaking his head. “Did you leave any dinner for me or am I making my own?”

“Of course I saved you some, you idiot. What kind of boyfriend would I be if I made you cook your own at,” Jack paused to check the time, “quarter to eleven? Quarter to eleven! Shit, is it really that late?”

Daniel laughed. “Jack, they don’t call it an evening mission for no reason.” He said, making his way into the kitchen with Jack close behind him. “Oh, hi Maddie.”

Maddie blinked. Daniel’s acknowledgement of her presence was so casual; she was sure he would have been surprised after the way he had been acting. It was almost like they had forgotten that they could be arrested for being in love.

“Hi, Daniel.” She said, yawning a little.

“Time for bed, I think.” Jack commented, nodding in the direction of the spare bedroom.

“I’m not a child, Jack.” Maddie protested and Daniel laughed.

“Don’t worry.” He said. “He does this to me too. You breathe in the wrong way and he carries you to bed like you haven’t slept in eight days.”

Jack rolled his eyes while Daniel and Maddie laughed. “It was one time, Daniel. One time.”

Maddie went to bed soon after, despite the urge to stay up just to spite her brother. She could just about hear Jack and Daniel talking if she listened very carefully and it made her smile. Daniel was perfect for Jack and Jack was perfect for Daniel.

Of all the people in the world, Maddie was glad that it was Daniel who had made Jack whole again.

Chapter End Notes

Maddie is my bae. <3
Anyway, thanks for reading. You guys are the best. :)

X- XXX

Chapter Summary

Jack leaves notes with kisses on them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Jack," Daniel said, leaning over the back of the sofa, putting his hands on Jack's shoulders, "you need to stop leaving me notes in the office with kisses on them."

Jack laughed, tilting his head back to look up at Daniel. "But you got the potatoes, didn't you?" He said and Daniel rolled his eyes.

"Of course I did but I'm serious. Peggy's already having a go at me because we're too obvious. Adding more things into the mix isn't going to help." Daniel said and Jack grinned, turning round to face Daniel properly.

"I'm just trying to show my affection for my gorgeous boyfriend." He replied, reaching up to put a hand on the back of Daniel's head and pull him down for a kiss. "I thought you liked kisses." He teased.

Daniel huffed, talking between kisses. "I do when they're not on paper." He could feel Jack smiling into the kiss.

"Okay. I'll stop leaving you notes in the office with kisses on them."

~

Daniel ran a hand through his hair and sighed. He'd gotten all the way down the stairs only to have to come back to his locker to get his coat.

The noise he made when he opened it wasn't nearly as dignified as he wished it had been. Around fifty notes fluttered out of his locker and onto the floor with more plastered to the walls.

"Fucking hell." Daniel cursed, picking one up, reading it and swearing again. Each one was a note from Jack, marked with three little 'x's.

"Having a problem there, Sousa?" Daniel jumped when Jack practically waltzed in, struggling to keep a straight face as he admired his handy work.

"What did I say about notes in the office, Jack?" Daniel yelped, balling up a few of the notes and tossing them at Jack.

"Your locker isn't in the office." Jack shrugged before he stopped trying to be composed and burst out laughing.

Daniel tried so hard not to laugh but Jack's laughter was infectious. "I hate you." He said without any malice at all, throwing more of the notes at Jack. "You're the worst."

“They’re all valid demands as well.” Jack managed through his laughter, wiping at his eyes. “I spent a solid two hours coming up with some of them.”

Daniel sighed dramatically, moving over to stand in front of Jack. “I hate you so much.” He said before leaning up to kiss him.

“Oh for goodness sake.” Peggy walked in, closed the door and put her hands on her hips. She stared down the pair as they detangled themselves and took a step back from when Daniel had Jack pinned against the lockers.

“Heya, Carter.” Jack grinned and Peggy shook her head.

“Don’t you ‘Heya, Carter’ me, Jackass. Clean up this mess and get your asses out of the office before you have to explain to everyone why it took you so long to grab Daniel’s coat.” She said before turning and leaving.

There was a long pause where Jack and Daniel stared at each other before they burst out laughing. “We are in so much trouble.” Daniel said but he couldn’t stop himself from laughing.

“I’ll give her a good case next week to cheer her up.” Jack said.

“And no more notes with kisses?” Daniel checked and Jack nodded.

“No more notes with kisses.”

~

There were more notes with kisses.

Chapter End Notes

Two more to go now. eeee.

Y-You

Chapter Summary

Jack wakes up first.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jack woke up first. It was unusual as- out of the pair- he was most likely to lie in at the weekend. He opened his eyes slowly, a smile playing at the corner of his mouth as he found Daniel cuddled up against him like he always did.

He looked younger while he slept, Jack thought. The world took such a toll on him that it was easy to forget that they were all still young. They'd had to grow up fast and sleep was the only time they could make up for lost time.

Jack loved the little curls in Daniel's hair that his partner would brush away most of the time. Jack was definitely guilty of using the most hair gel but Daniel's curls certainly required a lot of sticking down. It wasn't something that Daniel was too fussed about and sometimes he wouldn't bother. Those were the days where Jack's concentration wouldn't last longer than an hour at a time if Daniel was in the same room.

It wasn't a surprise that Daniel was popular with the ladies, even if they did seem more interested in his leg. He was beautiful, not only in appearance but personality as well.

Jack was convinced that you wouldn't find a kinder soul in the whole of the world. He knew he was biased but Daniel was calm and polite and respectful. He got things done in the best way he possibly could and he cared so much that Jack could only be proud of his boyfriend's big heart.

Daniel stirred then and Jack smiled, pressing a kiss to his forehead. "Good morning, gorgeous."

Daniel hummed softly, burying his face against Jack's neck. "You woke me up with your loud thinking." He complained and Jack chuckled.

"I don't think my thinking had anything to do with it." He replied and Daniel shook his head marginally.

"You drum your fingers when you think too hard." He said. "You interrupted a really nice dream. We were all on a trip to LA and we all went out for dinner. The waitress was hitting on Stark."

Jack laughed. "You're so ridiculous, you know that?"

Daniel smiled. "Yeah, I know. What were you thinking about?" He added as an afterthought.

"You." Jack answered without hesitation and Daniel moved so he could bring their lips together for a lazy morning kiss.

"What about me?" He asked when they broke apart and Jack grinned, his eyes twinkling.

"I can't quite remember. You might have to kiss me again first." He said and Daniel rolled his

eyes, kissing him again.

“What about me?” He asked again, leaning over Jack, smiling.

“Just how perfect you are. The usual sappy stuff that I think about when I wake up.” Jack said and Daniel laughed.

“And you call me ridiculous.” He said, moving back and sitting up properly, stretching. “You want pancakes for breakfast?”

Jack gasped. “Seriously?” His expression was very similar to Daniel’s when snow was mentioned.

Daniel nodded. “I’m not cruel enough to joke about pancakes, Jackass. You go down and get the mail and I’ll start cooking, sound fair?”

“I love you.” Jack beamed, throwing back the covers and leaping out of bed.

Daniel laughed, getting out of bed more slowly. “I know. I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

I got distracted by Enver's mini-curls and this happened. I will not apologise. Thanks for reading. You guys are the best.

Z- Zero

Chapter Summary

I thought this story should go out with a bang. Ha... hahah.

Chapter Notes

The final chapter is dedicated to Batman_Superman, brettt_ashley, Kat_Herondale, Master_of_the_Trashcan, FlaskFiction, FayeHunter, in_too_deep_geronimo, JoshuaTheBean, HelgavonC, kendermaus, gigilysrose, musiclivesinmealways, sherlokid221B, anusha, Hosk_Lenka, writingcello, Theshiphassailed, Sholio, FearedWhatWeBecame, smartypants47, Creneau and the 36 guests who left kudos. You are all so kind and I love each and every one of you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Sixty seconds." Peggy said softly, eyes glued to the timer of the bomb as Jack and Daniel fiddled with the wiring in an attempt to defuse it.

"Yes, *thank you*." Jack snapped, moving his gaze off the bomb long enough to glare at Peggy. "I can see the large numbers that are counting down 'till the imminent destruction of the building."

"Jack." Daniel put a hand on Jack's arm. "It's alright. Just focus." He said calmly and Jack nodded, clearing his head and setting his concentration back on the bomb.

Fifty seconds.

Forty seconds.

"Shit, I can't do it. It's too well built." Daniel cursed, throwing his hands into the air, tears welling up in his eyes. "Shit. Shit. Shit."

"The display's flickering. You're doing something, Daniel. Come on." Peggy said, small amounts of desperation creeping into her voice as the countdown got lower.

"Peggy, you need to leave. Just in case." Jack told her and Peggy looked like she was going to protest but she got up and started running out of the building. "Can you do it?" Jack added when it was just them.

Daniel shook his head. "I don't know." He looked defeated but Jack wasn't ready to let him give up. "You should leave too."

Thirty seconds.

"I won't leave you. I promised, remember." Jack replied and Daniel nodded, looking back at the wiring.

Twenty seconds.

“Jack, I’m going to cut the yellow wire. If it’s wrong, we’ll die.”

Fifteen seconds.

“Okay. Do it.”

Ten seconds.

“I love you.”

Seven seconds.

“I love you more.”

Five seconds.

“Jack-,”

Three seconds.

“Cut the damn wire, Daniel!”

One second.

Daniel cut through the wire and Jack held his breath.

Zero.

He was still holding his breath many seconds later. Both men turned their heads, staring at each other with wide eyes.

Jack found himself pinned down on the floor shortly after, Daniel’s mouth very firmly against his.

“I knew you could do it.” Jack said when Daniel’s arms gave out and he collapsed against Jack, lying on top of him with his face against Jack’s neck. “I knew you could.”

“I’m never going to be able to look at counters in the same way.” Daniel sighed, relieved laughter escaping with every breath.

“I love you, Daniel. If we died, I would have been glad to be with you.” Jack admitted and Daniel could feel himself crying. He wasn’t sure which emotion he was feeling had caused it but his cheeks were wet.

“I would have been glad too. I love you so much, Jack.”

~

They stayed like that until Peggy came back into the building to find them. She wrapped them in blankets and sent them home. No one complained when they didn’t show up for three days.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU SO MUCH TO EVERYONE WHO READ ALL OF THESE. I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH. YOU ARE ALL SO WONDERFUL AND IT HAS BEEN A PRIVILEGE TO WRITE THIS FOR YOU. XXXXXXX
My update blog is here and my normal blog is here so feel free to come and say hi anytime. I'll see you in the next story. Thanks. :) <3

End Notes

Thanks for reading. If you enjoyed, please leave kudos and a comment. Any suggestions are super appreciated. Love you guys. x

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!